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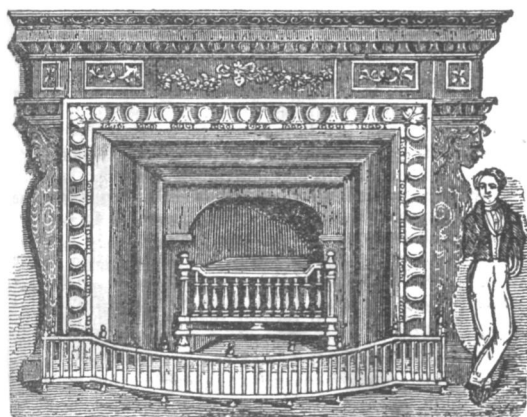
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liamentary robes, and wearing the insignia of the orders of the Bath and St. Patrick. It was executed by J. Bacon, Jun. The following is a representation of the fire-place in the same magnificent apartment.



Fire-place in the Irish House of Lords.

#### ORRERY IN TRINITY COLLEGE.

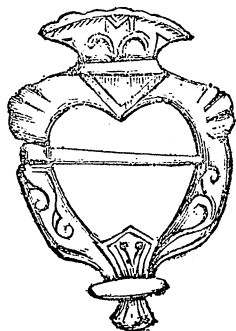
SIR—Reading in your weekly publication, for August, 1835, a scientific account of the Observatory, recalled to my recollection that, in the year 1772, I was, by a singular circumstance, favoured with a view of a superb Orrery, constructed by the late Mr. Deane, one of the Six Clerks, who told me it had employed his leisure hours for thirty years. The table containing the movements was nine feet in diameter, on which the several planets, with their satellites, were surmounted. Over the table was suspended a dome, in which the different constellations were delineated, perforated so as by candle-light to represent the firmament.

Since Mr. Deane's death I made many fruitless enquiries as to how he had disposed of the Orrery, and at last learned he had bequeathed it to the College of Dublin, where, sad to say, it lies in oblivion and is out of repair. Perhaps, from the character given of the present Professor of Astronomy, we could hope he might be induced to propose to the learned Board of Fellows, the employing some scientific artist, capable of repairing this once valuable and highly instructive piece of machinery. Such a person should be handsomely rewarded; but the expense to the University would be small, when compared with the liberality of the individual who gave so large a sum for the erection of the Observatory.

The revolution of Comets was also described (or displayed). This, Mr. Deane told us, had caused him more study than all the rest, their course being so variously elliptic.

ONE OF YOUR SUBSCRIBERS.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal.



ANCIENT BROOCH.

SIR—I beg leave to send to you, for the use of your valuable periodical, a correct drawing of an ancient brooch, which was dug up in the neighbourhood of Dublin, about two years since. It is made of silver. Time has nearly worn down the surface on a level with the ornamental lines, which are still perceptible. Brooches in some respects resembling the above are found in Scot-

land, and were used by the inhabitants of that country some centuries ago, for securing the "plaid" in front. This relic of antiquity is in the possession of Dr. Maffett of Belfast.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal.

#### WORKS OF FICTION.

Fiction, when properly used, is the source of much pleasure and improvement. By means of it much useful information and wholesome moral lessons may be inculcated; and it is certainly the simplest and most agreeable mode by which can be communicated to us an accurate knowledge of the manners and customs of different countries, a striking delineation of the various passions which have at all times agitated the human heart, and an intimate and familiar acquaintance with specimens of chaste and elegant composition. To be able, however, to write fiction well requires not a few qualifications. A refined taste, a sound judgment, a vigorous fancy, a fertile imagination, and a good command over language, are all necessary for him who would excel in this department of letters. The narrator of facts requires merely to be able to describe well. He has a direct course marked out for him, from which he is not to deviate—his business is only to give a clear detail of events as they have occurred—to paint in the best colours the several scenes that successively develop themselves upon the landscape of time; but the writer of fiction has no such regularly placed train of circumstances lying before him, and he, therefore, requires more powers of invention to suggest to him incidents and characters, and a higher degree of discrimination to enable him to select the most suitable and proper. His field is imagination; and as he wanders over his wide and beautiful domain, he must not allow his attention to be distracted, or his taste to be confused, by the diversity of pleasing objects which are there presented to his view—flowers, wild, sweet, and blooming, are scattered in rich profusion around him; he must not, however, pluck them indiscriminately. Some he must pass over, which, though pleasing to the sight, may yet contain an asp under their leaves; while those which he does take, he must so arrange and classify that they may not be joined in a heterogeneous or ill-assorted union, but that harmonising in a soft and bland assimilation, they may coalesce with fitness and propriety. The English language abounds in fine models of fiction. The novels of Sir Walter Scott, though generally founded on historical facts, are yet interspersed with fictitious scenes and personages, which impart to them their chief attraction, and by means of which he has so clearly depicted the peculiarities of the national character. No other writer has made fiction so useful, by combining so much real instruction with improvement. In him, fancy is divested of all her wild absurdities—she runs not out into extravagancies—she soars not aloft, till amid the heights of her empyrean elevation, she loses sight of the world and its realities—she still hovers in view of mankind; and though she may sometimes rise, she never wanders—and when she does mount into the regions of ideality, 'tis but to bring down from thence images and illustrations to embellish the scenes and characters which are drawn from actual life.

It is plain how many advantages the writer of fiction has over the historian. The latter is necessarily subservient to the train of events; but the former has the train of events subservient to him: and thus, when he acts with prudence and taste, he is enabled fully to follow out a principle which he has laid down, and by a series of well-arranged circumstances, to trace the primal cause through all the variety of its consequences and relations. He has an abundance of materials at his command, and he has only to select the most suitable, clothe them in the most appropriate verbiage, and put them together in the most advantageous combination. We read works of fiction for our amusement. Our thoughts are then free and at ease. Other studies, which we pursue merely for instruction, require a continuous tension of the mind, and are not therefore so inviting; but works of fiction form a pleasing and agreeable relaxation. Other studies are the field through which we have to search for objects

worthy of our particular attention; but works of fiction are the neatly arranged flower-garden, where a sweet odour breathes continually around. We recline upon beds of violets and roses, and listen to the gentle murmuring of the cascade down its sloping declivity. By fiction, virtue and vice may be represented in their true characters—set before us in such a way as to excite the proper emotions of approbation and dislike, and be always accompanied, the one with due rewards, the other with adequate punishments. But there is another department of literature with which fiction is intimately connected, and which to some is the source of the highest intellectual pleasure which our nature perhaps is capable of enjoying—and that is poetry. Poetry—lovely poetry—descends upon us in the hour of our pleasures to exalt and elevate our feelings. In sweet and holy communion she holds converse with us, shedding a foretaste of heaven's enjoyment upon our minds, and stilling and smoothing the perturbation of our thoughts into a mild and a halcyon calm. Philosophy and science are the sterner beings with whom at times we associate for instruction; but poetry is the sweet companion of our recreations coming down upon us in angelic mildness, and giving to all sublunary things an investiture of purity and delight. And how closely is fiction connected with poetry—

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n,  
And, as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name."

With fiction the mind of the poet peoples all his ideal abstractions. Every thing around him teems with objects that furnish food for his imagination, and he either creates new groups of images with which to chequer his scenes, or those that do exist he puts together in new shapes, and diversifies by ever-varying alternations. The poet, however, has fiction more completely at his command. He is not subject to the same restrictions as the essayist or the moral writer. The wilder and more improbable are the scenes which he describes, the higher spirit of poetry sometimes does he breathe; while he who writes for instruction must keep verisimilitude always before his view, otherwise his object will be defeated, from the deception being too glaring not to be continually perceived. In Shakespeare and Milton a great many of the characters are fictitious, but then we know all along that they are so, and we read them merely for the exquisiteness of the poetry; but it would detract very much from the pleasure that we feel in reading any of the novels of Scott, if the conviction were constantly intruding upon us that no such events occurred in the particular manner in which they are related; for though when we close the volume, the consciousness that it is in great part fiction will return, yet the events are so like what might really have happened, that, unwilling to deprive ourselves of the pleasure we experienced, we take refuge in their probability, and almost believe them to be true; and thus insensibly the moral of the tale steals into our minds, and though afterwards we may be somewhat sceptical as to the truth of the facts, yet our judgment has long since decided upon the validity of the precept. The chief thing then to be attended to by writers of fiction is to keep probability always before them—not turning aside to introduce fine descriptions of scenes which have not in them the possibility of being real. Such things in stories of fiction are what the golden apples were to Atalanta; for though she gained possession of the fruit, yet, by stooping to obtain them, she was conquered in the race.

W. R.

#### MEETINGS OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION. THE DISCOVERIES IN GEOLOGICAL SCIENCE CORROBORATIVE OF THE TRUTHS OF REVELATION.

From the Address delivered by Dr. Lloyd, Provost of Trinity College, at the opening Meeting of the British Association in the Rotunda, we copy the following observations on the discoveries which have been made in

Geological science. The sound, philosophic, yet scriptural, sentiment, which pervades this elegant effusion of a man of science, must commend it to the judgment, as well as to the best feelings, of every individual who has even for a moment reflected on the important and interesting inquiry to which it refers.

Of the Association itself, its objects, and its construction, whereby it is fitted for the attainment of those objects, it must be unnecessary for me to offer any explanation in this assembly, wherein all this is so well understood: but it may not be so generally known, because it can scarcely be believed, that without those walls there are to be found individuals, though I hope not many, who regard your exertions with something like painful apprehension; finding themselves unable to reconcile the discoveries which have been made in a certain department of science, to which your attention is here invited, to their views of the Mosaic history. With these apprehensions it would be my wish to deal tenderly, if I could but learn how to respect them. I mean not to insinuate that such persons could propose to restrict the investigation of truth, in any of the avenues which may be supposed to lead to its possession; or that they could possibly think that we should suppress any of the discoveries which have been made, however alarming in their view of them; for this would be (to use the language of Bacon,) "*Deo per mendacium gratificari.*" But I do mean to assert, and I do assert it most confidently, that they are themselves to blame for that indigestion of which they complain. Happily, however, as their ailment has its source altogether within themselves, so also is the remedy within their own power; and if they would condescend to permit me to advise, I think I could help them with a prescription suited to their case. I would recommend that they should proceed with more patient circumspection, or at least, more of self-distrust and doubting humility, both in their interpretation of the language of the sacred historian, and in the inferences which they venture to draw from certain discoveries which have been made in geological science. It may be perceived that I suspect them of precipitancy in drawing conclusions from views hastily adopted: and as they may not be prepared to plead guilty to this charge, I would beg leave to ask them, have they indeed ascertained how far back the sacred historian had proposed to carry his readers in the communications he was commissioned to make. The answer, perhaps, will be, "to the origin of all things—to the creation of the universe." It is true that he prefaces his history of God's government over his chosen people, by informing us that "in the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth;" and it seems equally certain that he here speaks of the original creation of all things out of nothing. This indeed is a great subject; and though nothing circumstantial is here revealed to us concerning it, yet the sacred importance of the truth, assured to us by this single expression, is every way suited to the prominent place assigned to it; for it is nothing less than the authoritative statement of the first and fundamental article of all true religious faith. By it we are taught that self-existence is an attribute of the one Supreme Being, and that all things beside owe their existence to His unlimited power. How necessary it was to mankind to have an authoritative declaration on this subject, we may readily convince ourselves, by adverting to the errors into which the most celebrated men of all antiquity had fallen, who presumed to speculate on these matters so far beyond the reach of human reason, without other guidance. Among these erroneous opinions, or rather among those wild conjectures, we find the following—that matter was eternal: that the Deity was the soul of the world; agreeably to which, the material frame of nature was to be regarded as his body, and not as his work; with many others equally presumptuous. Now in this his first sentence, the inspired writer settles definitively what we are to believe on this subject, by stating the primary relation which all things in common bear to the supreme Being; and with this information he forbears from mixing up any other matter. For it will be perceived that the statement is made without any specification of time or other circumstance; seemingly, because no addition of this kind could be of use in aiding our conceptions of a truth purely religious, or in strengthening our faith in the authority on which it was proposed; but chiefly because it was the sole object of the writer, in this first sentence, to claim for God the creation of all things whatsoever, and that this claim must remain unshaken, however we may decide on other questions which may be raised about the creation;—such as